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## LIFE IN A SCOTTISH COUNTRY MANSION.

THERE is perhaps no portion of the British islands more favoured in all the most agreeable attributes than Perthshire. Connecting towards the south with the low country, in whose fertility it there participates, it extends towards the north and west into the bosom of the Grampian range, where it presents such an assemblage of hill and vale, lake and river, as is rarely paralleled. The county is rich in a resident proprietary, including several of our wealthiest nobles and a vast number of gentlemen, and the effect which these produce upon the interests of the district is very manifest. It is not so much that the expenditure of income on the ground where it is realised does service, as that the constant presence of a set of landlords completes the range of requisites for conducting rural business, and keeps the country *in heart*.

I had, a few months ago, the pleasure of paying a brief visit to a gentleman in the upper part of this county; on which occasion it struck me that, what with the natural beauty of the place, the character of the people, and the mode of life of my entertainers, I saw so much that was peculiar, that it might be worth while to jot down a few particulars on the subject. Is it possible, I have since asked, that the multitudes who never saw Perthshire, and the still larger multitudes who know nothing by personal observation of the life of a country gentleman, might have any gratification in perusing these jottings? By no means impossible, I have decided: so let me try. Enough may be said to convey an individual picture to the mind, without necessarily giving offence to delicacy.

The mansion of my host is a castellated building, for the most part of old date, placed at once beautifully and comfortably on a south-looking slope, whence it commands an extensive vale, bounded by lofty mountains. Woods clothe the cliffy hill-sides on each hand; a mountain stream hops and skips shinningly through a chasm on the left. Nothing meets the view but natural objects, interspersed with pleasant mansions and granges. Towns, ports, manufactories, are all remote. And here I cannot but remark the superiority of such a situation over one of the ordinary English mansions placed in a flat, with its artificial, unvarying lake, its canal-like river, and its woods, which, though beautiful, can only be seen by little at a time. There is not only genuine natural beauty in all the adjuncts of this Perthshire mansion, with a liability to continual variation from season and from weather, but, though the elevation is only a hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, a range of thirty miles is commanded. An Englishman who has only seen the level portions of his own country, can have no idea of what it is to reside in one of highly varied surface like Perthshire.

My host presents, in this mansion, a style of life suitable to his fortune, which is handsome, but still moderate. Attached to country life, he resides chiefly at his seat, and only now and then visits the capital for a short time. There is, however, no such thing as solitude in such a rural life, for a country mansion is a kind of town rather than a single house; comprising, as it does, wings for servants, stables and their adjuncts, residences for a gardener, a gamekeeper, and so forth, not to speak of a village near by. There is, in such a place, a population of not much under sixty persons, even when no company is present; but when there are visitors, this number will sometimes be nearer to a hundred.

Having arrived at my friend's house after dark, I saw nothing of it beyond a handsome entrance-hall, hung with stags' horns, old arms, and other curiosities, and a comfortable parlour, where the family was assembled—until next morning, when, awaking early, and looking out, my eyes were saluted by a magnificent range of semi-Highland scenery, seen under the favourable auspices of a delicious June morning. The hour for breakfast being half-past nine, I walked out to enjoy the beauties of the scene and of the hour. An old man—a member of a corps of superannuated adherents, which I heard the family afterwards speak of as the Veteran Battalion—was quietly, and in a most leisurely way obliterating the marks made in the gravel-walk by my vehicle the preceding evening, as if it had been a work of a very solemn and important kind. An image of gentle duty it was, most refreshing to my hurry-skurry city mind, and preparative of all that I afterwards found in connexion with this scene of rural comfort. Taking a survey of the house, I now found it to be an irregular but picturesque structure, comprising a tall tower of the sixteenth century, with grated windows near the bottom; an addition in the taste of the seventeenth century, with pepper-box turrets at the angles; and, finally, certain modern additions, comprising a dining-room, a conservatory entering from the same, and diverse other *assimilata*—to quote a term of old Scotch title-deeds. On the lowest corbel-stone in the first building, my eye readily detected the date 1591—a time when fortification was still necessary for the security of a Scottish household. The second building spoke its time by presenting, triangle-wise, on the pediments of the windows, the letters S. P. T. and D. E. C., which I knew to be the initials (including S. for Sir, and D. for Dame) of the first baronet of the family and his lady, who had flourished in the reign of Charles II. My superficial glance discovered nothing further remarkable about the building, besides its abundance of tall chimneys and lead-covered minarets, the latter of which bore each its weathercock, so that there was a superabun-

dance of the means of meteorological observation, sufficient to have served a colony of retired admirals. On one side, the mansion was approached by a winding avenue of pines and other evergreens, mixed with tall old sycamores, thickly covered with comfortable ivy. On the other was a beautiful little domain devoted to floriculture, where circular patches of dahlias, and lozenge-shaped clusters of heart's-ease and calceolarias, and numberless other favourites of the modern garden, showed that the elegant tastes of the day had made their way to this northern solitude. Passing through this lovely area by a slight wire gate, I found my way to a terrace walk which passes through the wood along the side of the hill, and there regaled myself with the many variations of view which the occasional openings amongst the trees afforded, seeing on one hand hills from which I knew Edinburgh was visible, and on the other mountain peaks which probably looked far into Lochaber and Morven. Tufts of primroses bursting forth from the bank, a hen turkey peeping out from her wild nest among the bushes, fantastic fungi springing from old tree roots, a strangled shrew mouse on the walk, bees humming along from one wild-flower to another, pigeons to-whooping from the tree tops, lesser bird's twittering on every spray, the smoke of the village curling up through the calm sunny air at a little distance—such were the objects and sounds presented to me. From the close murky atmosphere of a city, with all the vexing duties of such a scene, what a change was here! Oh Nature, thought I, thou art, after all, the true physician for thy children! Thy breath, thy voice, thy placid face, how truly medicative they are to those worn out with the artificialities of the social world! And, viewing this beautiful scene as the property of my friend, I could not but see some natural basis for that prejudice which exists in favour of land as property. Thus to possess a portion of the geographical surface, with all its ordinary accompaniments, was, I could well see, something more calculated to attract the regard and respect of mankind, than merely to have a certain number of figures attached to one's name in the stock-book of a joint-stock bank, or be one of a firm understood to realise large returns in a dingy counting-room in a dingy alley in 'the city.' The common feelings of man's bosom are at the bottom of the earth-hunger which Scott spoke of as his predominant passion, and of which every man is more or less sensible. No wonder, as the laird of Abbotsford used to say, that Scotsmen, in particular, no sooner get their heads above water, than they make for land!

Returning at the breakfast hour, I found the family just taking their seats, little ceremony being used at the morning meal. To persons quite unacquainted with country-mansion life, it may be worth while to mention, that besides the usual breakfast apparatus, was a small heap of letters just disengaged from the post-bag. A copy of the Morning Herald and Edinburgh Courant, with two or three periodical works, had been drawn from the same receptacle, and were lying at the command of the party in general. When my host had cast one glance along the leading articles of the London Journal, and seen that there was no news, and each person had just peeped into their several letters, breakfast was applied to with cordial appetite, and servants not being retained at this meal, all presently was gaiety and abandon. Started out of the languor of an overworked system, I was surprised to find myself devour a turkey's egg and a slice of broiled salmon, without the slightest symptom of difficulty, though a slice or two of dry toast would have been excess two days before. When the meal drew towards a close, we began to discuss plans for the day, and it was soon settled that I should join a walking party at two o'clock. Till then, however, there was an interval of a few hours, and it was agreed that these should be spent by me in looking over the various objects within doors, under the care of the eldest young

lady, who happened, for her sins, to have been found the best cicerone in the family.

The in-door ramble was an interesting one. It is now proper to mention that, from the giving of the family baronetcy by king James II., during his brief and clouded reign, the family had been zealous and unswerving friends of the house of Stuart, down to the comparatively recent period when such feelings had ceased to have any distinctly recognisable object. Concerned they had been in both the 'risings,' and once they had lost their lands; but by purchase, and the relenting mercy of later sovereigns, both these and the forfeited title had been regained. The house, therefore, contains many objects interestingly connected with those events and characters that form almost the only relief from the commonplace of our last-century history. In the best bed-room of the middle-aged part of the house, had the elder chevalier spent a night during his residence in Scotland in 1715; his mild and gentlemanly, but feeble countenance, shone from the walls, with his pale gentle wife, Clementina, *for vis à vis*. The furniture of that time had been lost in the evil days of the family; but they had since happened to become possessed of the little camp-bed used by Prince Charles in his campaign, and this was now erected in the room once graced as the lodging of his father. In the same apartment they now keep a collection of vestary curiosities—high-heeled spangle-decked shoes of the beauties of a century ago, a coat in which the late knight had paid his court to Louis XVI. at Versailles, just before the Revolution, a pair of beautiful green silk stockings, danced with by a grand-aunt of the present baronet at the wedding of her younger sister, by way of carrying off the joke which lay against her for being left unwedded on that occasion—and many other trifles with a history.

From hence I passed to the drawing-room, which contains the principal family portraits, besides other objects of an interesting kind. Here I saw the poor gentleman of the '45, dressed in a Highland dress, as he had appeared at Culloden, but now under hiding, and in fear of being taken prisoner by the red-coats. It is understood that the picture was designed to represent a particular event in his skulking days, when, a party of the royal troops being near, he was induced, by some unaccountable impulse of his mind, to go off in a different route, by which he had escaped being captured. A party of soldiers is represented as passing off in the back-ground, and the unfortunate cavalier is obeying the guidance of an angel who is addressing him. Reader, laugh not at such things—they show, though in a quaint way, the deep feelings which have resided in honourable bosoms. Near this portrait is one of Hamilton of Bangour, the gay poet of the Jacobite cause, writing at a table, the sheet below his hand containing the following inscription:—

'Hail, Wallace! generous chief! who, singly brave,  
When all were trembling round, aspired to save:  
Hail, Bruce! intrepid king! boast with foes,  
Who, from defeat, to fame and empire rose:  
Hail, Stuart! much suffering youth!—Yes, I foresee  
Imperial crowns and certain palms for thee;  
The land thy fathers ruled has oft been viewed,  
Enthralled unbroke, and vanquished unsubdued:  
Scotia, for genius famed and gallant deed,  
Has yet her hands to sing, her chiefs to bleed—  
Yes, freedom shall be ours, her kings shall reign,  
For, know, Culloden was not lost in vain.

Written at Rouen, in France, in the third year of our exile, 1749.

Besides a couple of pictures representing the prince and his brother Henry (afterwards Cardinal York), painted when they were youths, and sent as a present to the great-grandfather of my host, there was seen, over a deeply-moulded doorway, a bust of the former personage, done also in early life, but probably after the rebellion. The countenance is one of extraordinary elegance and vivacity, set upon a beautiful neck, and adorned with the graceful flowing hair of the period. In looking at it, one is not at a loss to account for the singular fascination which Charles Edward exercised over his adherents,

and particularly those of the fair sex. There is one melancholy legend of the family connected with Charles's expedition. A younger son of the then baronet, being in the prince's army at Preston, mounted on an uncommonly spirited black horse, outrode all his associates in pursuit of the craven dragoons. At length, two miles from the field of battle, a party of them, observing that only one cavalier pursued, turned and fired at him. He fell dead on the spot, and was buried beneath an elm tree near the mansion of St Clement's Wells. The family tell, as a curious anecdote, that one of the servants, being in Perth some months after at a fair, saw and recognised the horse which poor Mr David had ridden—bought and brought it home, where it was kept ever after in honourable ease in a park. When nearly forty years had passed, the boy who in time became Sir Walter Scott, spent some weeks with a relative at St Clement's Wells, and heard the story from the old people living thereabouts. The child used to wander down to the still distinguishable grave, and pull the wild-flowers growing upon it. He also obtained, and took care of, till mature years, a clasp which had formed part of the young Jacobite's dress. The conclusion is, that, thirty years after, he introduced the incident of the young man's death in his novel of Waverley, though substituting for the real person one of a totally different character. More than this—and it was something from a nick-nack collector—he gave up to the family the little clasp which he had got fifty years before at St Clement's Wells; and this clasp, now doubly curious, they continue to possess.

I had the curiosity to inquire how the family now regards the struggles of their ancestors in behalf of the elder branch of the royal family, and found that, though loyal subjects to the reigning monarch, they all feel a pride in their name having been ranked with the enemies of the first Georges. They know that their grandfather, who was out with Charles Edward, was as honourable a man as ever breathed; and they had always been taught to believe that he was but a fair specimen of many. Braving so much for their opinions, however mistaken these opinions might be—suffering so much for the cause of their best affections, such men could not but be worthy of honour.

At the appointed hour, after a slight lunch, I joined a party, chiefly composed of ladies, who had agreed to take a walk. Brought up in the country in a manner partaking much of old fashions, these ladies had acquired a power of locomotion which would have caused others of their own rank in different circumstances to stare. It was nothing unusual for them, between breakfast and dinner, to cross the mountains into the neighbouring vale, and return—a journey involving some considerable 'gradients,' and not less than eight miles in extent. On the present occasion we took a shorter perambulation. Passing up a little glen behind the house, we kept for some time close to the banks of a 'burn,' or rivulet, which there descends from the mountains—one of those tumbling, sparkling, brawling streams which remind one of a roistering witty fellow, who never can be quiet three minutes at a time, and are general favourites, although no one can say that they ever do any good. In a more southern domain, this rill would have been arranged into a series of waterfalls, and embowered in plantations, with nice gravel-walks. Far dearer to me the natural pebbled channel, and the green sod banks, pranked with wild-flowers of every hue. At the head of this glen we climbed the hill, and soon began to descend along a vale of similar character, but wider, and full of little farms, most of them nearly altogether pastoral. It was interesting to observe, wherever we went, the peasantry making their simple obeisances to the ladies—an old fashion much in decay in some districts, but here kept up in all its pristine vigour, very much in consequence of the popular, obliging manners of my host and his family. Not a cow-boy but tugged his cap, or the front of his sun-bleached hair; not a girl but dropped her timid curtsy. I be-

came convinced that it is a mistake to suppose the ancient manners much changed in rural Scotland; at least, the fact is only true under great limitations. There was as much homely kindness between these ladies and the tenantry, as ever there could have been between the two classes. Whatever house we entered, the inquiries were mutual and affectionate. Here and there a rheumatism of the goodwife, or a late visit of measles to the children, was fully entered upon and discussed. At one place there was no end to the joking about a headache the goodman had complained of for two days, after the last rent-day entertainment at the castle. Sheer good social feeling seemed to have obliterated all the usual repelling effects of diverse rank and condition; and the perfect ease on both sides admitted of no suspicion of insincerity on either. After a delightful ramble of five or six miles, we arrived at the castle, just in time for dinner.

Two or three neighbours graced this meal with their presence, but only added to the hilarity of the party, without altering its character. In due time we adjourned to the drawing-room, where the chill of the evening had made a fire acceptable even at that season. Gathering round a circular table, we enjoyed tea in a manner which puts to shame the tame and comfortless fashion of bringing it in upon salvers. The conversation, which was general from the first, turned very appropriately, considering the old-world character of the house, upon the superstitious notions which yet linger in such retired parts of the country. And when we, by and by, turned to form a semicircle in front of the fire, I was surprised to find how fresh these still are in the minds of the people. I doubt, indeed, if our company did not comprise two or three persons who adhered to ultra-natural views of our world, although no one decidedly made the admission. The fact is, almost every family of any distinction in that part of the country is understood to have some ghostly circumstance connected with it. It is almost as necessary for aristocratic distinction as to have a coat armorial. In one, for instance, a peculiar-looking sparrow always makes its appearance on the window-soles of the family mansion when any one is about to die. I apprehend it is a paserine new to naturalists, for it is said to appear as if it wore a coat of black velvet. One of the ladies present had been living at the mansion when this odd bird one day made its appearance; and, certainly, news immediately came of the death of the head of the house at Edinburgh. Over one family in the neighbourhood there hung an ancient prophecy, that no third generation in lineal succession should ever inherit the estates: another, whose ancestor had been concerned in the massacre of Glencoe, was doomed, in consequence of the curse of a bereaved Highland widow, never to see a generation pass without a bloody deed falling in the hands of some member of the house. There is a dreary fascination in some of these curious tales. I could not help feeling interested in one relative to a mansion in a distant part of the country, round which a white lady was said to go moping and moaning on Christmas night, when any important member of the family was to die during the ensuing year. The enlightened part of mankind have long condemned all notions of this kind as gross superstition; but no one can deny that there is something romantic in them, forming a not unpleasant offset to the rigid scientific accuracies and mechanical commonplaces of our age. I thought proper, nevertheless, to show the great liability to fallacy about all such stories, by narrating one which I had heard related when attending a recent meeting of the British Association. In the town of Lancaster, not above fifteen years ago, a quiet tradesman's family were sitting at tea one evening, when their parlour-door was suddenly burst open, and a black human head rolled along the floor up to their very feet! In an instant they had all burst away from the room, frenzied with fear and horror. On venturing back half an hour after, they found everything as they had left it, and no ap-



pearance of anything unusual. Next day, however, it was published throughout the town that this family had been visited by a ghastly supernatural spectacle, which had given them a dreadful fright; and from that day to the present, no explanation of the occurrence has ever reached the honest Lancastrians. But is it, therefore, to be considered as inexplicable? By no means. The present Professor — perfectly knows how it was that the frightful spectacle was presented. He was then a student of surgery, residing in the house of the tradesman in question. Having attended a poor negro servant on his deathbed in the town hospital, he had cut off the head of the deceased, in order to make some investigations of the nature of the fatal disease. Carrying the dismal object home in a handkerchief, he happened to make a slip in going down the steep descent which led to the door of his lodging. Before he could recover himself, the head escaped from the handkerchief, and rolled down the slope. The outer door being open, and the parlour-door directly opposite, the head burst through the latter, and rolling along the floor, only stopped at the feet of the astonished tea-party. When the young anatomist reached the place, he found the room empty, and lost no time in removing the head; the reality of which he did not afterwards think himself bound to affirm, as it might have led to an unpleasant responsibility. And thus has a capital accredited apparition story taken root in the good town of Lancaster! At the conclusion of my anecdote, several expressed their belief that the majority of such tales would be found to have a similar foundation, if any foundation for them there were; but I could see that two or three of the ladies did not at all approve of that pestilent way which some people have of explaining away all wonderful things by a reference to familiar causes.

The two or three subsequent days gave me an opportunity of forming a kind of general estimate of the pleasures and advantages of country-gentlefolks' life. It boasts of much greater social conveniences than could be expected in such a remote situation, and of course has its drawbacks. First, the post brings every day the news of the busy world, and that excellent and infallible person, 'the carrier,' supplies from the county town all desirable luxuries, as well as necessities, not omitting a selection of the publications of the day from a book-club. Then, as to society, the neighbourhood—by which is meant a district extending ten miles in each direction—supplies an abundance of families of equal rank and harmonious manners, who both pay morning and afternoon visits, and occasionally spend a few days with each other in an easy and familiar way. The latter autumn and early winter are the seasons when these visits chiefly take place. In latter winter, or spring, a visit of a few weeks to the capital keeps up a connexion with the gay world, and with friends who usually reside there. The summer, spent of course at home, never fails to bring dropping tourists and other visitors from a distance, to vary the circle of familiar faces and the ordinary routine of conversation. Thus there is no want of society, in the moderate extent in which it is proper to indulge in it. Some country families, however, require much more of this gratification than others, feeling quite miserable when they have not a house full of company. It becomes with such persons a chief consideration how to provide for having a new set of visitors as another takes its departure. But all such cases must be understood as exceptions from the common strain of country life. In general, much of the time of a resident country family of moderate fortune, where neither fox-hounds nor racers absorb (as they always do) exclusive attention, is employed in a routine of duties almost as fixed as those of any member of the community. The gentleman himself has what is called county business to attend to. He takes a share in the management of the roads, and in the business of the justice-of-peace court. Improvements in agriculture, and in the management of farming business, demand his encouragement and patronage. The ladies are equally concerned in pro-

tecting schools, and keeping up various little schemes of a benevolent nature for the benefit of the poor. Never wanting some interesting occupation, the country gentleman and his family appear to realise as much happiness as we see anywhere falling to the lot of humanity. Of drawbacks, the chief, I would say, is the want of that stimulating, mind-advancing excitement which is to be obtained only amidst great numbers of our fellow-creatures, and which, accordingly, renders cities everywhere the great centres of civilisation. Hence truly arises that particular strain of opinion and sentiment which marks country gentlemen generally, and causes them too often to appear as the drag upon the social engine. This, however, is a matter which does not so much concern them, as it does the rest of the community.

Having duly exhausted the period which I had assigned as the utmost to which my visit should extend, namely, the Rest day, the Dressed day, and the Pressed day, I took my leave of this hospitable mansion, full of the frank but graceful kindness of its inmates, and plunged back again into the smoke, clangor, and toil, of lofty Edinburgh.

#### TRANSCRIBERS.

THE copiers of manuscripts, who hold now the humblest rank in literature, were, before the invention of printing, of the utmost importance. Amongst the Hebrews, transcribing the holy Scriptures was deemed a profession of the highest honour, and the responsible office of commenting on difficult passages was sometimes joined with it. This of course required a great amount of learning, and it is inferred, from a passage in the Septuagint, that a residence separate from the rest of the people was allotted to the ancient scribes. According to Dr South, a Jewish scribe was a church officer, skilful to copy, and conversant with the law, to interpret or explain it. The civil scribes were lawyers or notaries.

Wherever literature existed, copyists of course abounded; and even at the dawn of Grecian letters, three sorts of transcribers plied their pens. Some who had distinguished skill in writing, were called *Chrusographoi*, or *Caligraphers*; others made it their business to take down discourses and addresses by means of abbreviated characters, similar to what is now called short-hand. Such persons were much in request, as almost all instruction was delivered orally, and to them we are indebted for many valuable passages from ancient authors, which would otherwise have been lost to posterity. They were known as *Semeiographoi* and *Tachygraphoi*. A third sort of transcribers cultivated the fine arts, for their business was to figure ornamental letters in blanks left for that purpose by the *Caligraphers*. Among the later Greeks, transcribers received the Roman appellation of *notarii*. Alexandria was the principal resort of the copyists in the later periods of Grecian literature. In the same edifice with the celebrated library, were extensive offices completely fitted up for the business of transcribing books. Here the *Caligraphers* were very numerous, even until the irruption of the Arabs in 640. Indeed so proficient were the Greeks always considered in this art, that wherever it was practised, they would be found plying their profession; and amongst the Romans, most of the copyists' names which have been preserved are Greek. These, it seems, kept in Rome regular establishments of journeymen, who were chiefly slaves; and when a number of copies from one work were required, one sat in the middle of the room and dictated to the rest. When a book was specially ordered, the rate of remuneration was so much per hundred lines; but the librarii (as the proprietors of these offices were called) also copied good works on speculation, and were in fact amongst the earliest regu-

lar booksellers.\* The art of forming books, that is, of collecting and fastening the leaves into a volume, was, according to Photius, invented by a certain Phillatus, to whom the Athenians erected a statue in consequence of his invention. To perform this operation, the master copyists employed apprentices, or those as yet but little skilled in penmanship, and called them 'glutinatores.'

The manuscripts sold by the librarii were, as might be expected, often incorrect. Cicero knew not to whom to apply to purchase correct copies of certain works which his brother Quintus had commissioned him to procure; and his own compositions were, he complained, generally ill copied. In Strabo's time, the manuscripts sold at Rome and Alexandria were full of mistakes.

Instead of trusting to the librarii, every wealthy and enlightened Roman gentleman educated his most intelligent slaves for transcribers; and these, in consequence, became of infinitely greater value to their owners than their fellows. Persons who wished to acquire a character for science, kept them in their establishments, however little there may have been for them to do. It was found an excellent speculation to instruct slaves in writing; for some masters condescended to allow their slaves to copy for others, and pocketed their earnings. In any case, the condition of the transcribers was infinitely better than that of other bondsmen, on account of their extreme value; and sometimes they were enfranchised. We learn from Cicero's letters to Pliny the younger, that when a valued copyist fell ill, nothing was spared to restore him to health. He even travelled at his master's expense; and Pliny sent one of his freed men, who was subject to repeated attacks of indigestion, first into Egypt, and then to the south of Europe.

After the fall of Rome, nearly all the copying, not only of ancient classical works, but of the holy Scriptures, which was done at all, was performed in monasteries. In every monastery there was a room built and specially set apart for writing, which was called the Scriptorium. Ducange tells us, in his glossary, that it was consecrated by certain Latin words, the meaning of which was—'Lord! wilt thou deign to bless this scriptorium of thy servants, and all that dwell therein, that whatever of the divine Scriptures will have been by them read or written, they may receive with understanding, and bring the same to good effect.'

The rules regarding the Scriptorium were very strict. That perfect silence might be secured, no person besides the copyists was allowed to enter the apartment on any pretence whatever, except the abbot, the prior, the sub-prior, and the librarian. It was the duty of the last to point out what was to be transcribed, and to furnish the necessary stationery; and the monks were strictly forbidden to copy anything but what was prescribed. Few employments were considered so pious as to copy the Scriptures. 'The books which we copy,' say the statutes of Guy, the second prior of the Chartreux, 'are so many heralds of the truth. We hope that Heaven will recompense us, by causing them to banish error from the minds of men, and confirm them in the Catholic faith.' This employment was even deemed an instrument of salvation, as may be gleaned from a monkish legend, related by Theodoric, abbot of Ouche. 'A certain friar lived in a monastery, and was guilty of many infractions of the rules of the order: but he was a clever and industrious scribe, and voluntarily copied a large volume of the divine law. One night he dreamt he was dead, and that his soul was at the judgment-seat. The accusing angels brought a vast number of evil deeds against him; but his good angel, taking the book he had copied, counted its contents letter by letter, and it was decreed that each letter should atone for one sin. A balance was struck, and there was exactly one letter in his favour. The judgment was, that his soul should return to his body, and that time should be given him to repent of his former transgressions. On awaken-

ing, he determined to reform, and to lead an exemplary life. From that time his labours in the Scriptorium were more persevering than ever.' The monks so employed were specially called 'clerks,' whence is derived the modern use of the word in that sense. The division of labour was carried to a high point in the Scriptorium. The preparation of ink, of pens, the ruling of guiding lines and of columns in red ink, were each performed by a separate person, who did nothing else. When the stationery was thus prepared, one corrected what another had copied; a third inserted ornaments above, below, and in the midst of the columns; a fourth drew the initial letters and more elaborate ornaments; another collated the pages; and a sixth boarded them; for they were placed between small wooden planks.

Not only in monasteries, but in nunneries, was copying carried on. At the end of the fifth century, St Cesarius having established a nunnery at Arles, certain regular hours for copying holy books were prescribed to certain of the nuns. But even then women copyists were no novelties, for it appears, by a Latin inscription published by Gruter, that in 231, when Origen undertook to revise the Old Testament, St Ambrose sent him certain deacons and virgins skilled in caligraphy as amanuenses.

That the Scriptorium should be of a comfortable temperature in winter, it was placed near the calefactory or furnace for communicating warmth to the rest of the edifice. This we learn from an anecdote of the ninth century, which is worth transcribing, for the purpose of exhibiting a little monastic life in a more familiar aspect than that in which it is usually regarded. The story is told by Ekkehard, the historian of the monastery of St Gall. According to his narrative, there were in the house, sometime towards the latter end of the ninth century, three monks—Notker, a mild, amiable, and patient brother; Tutilo, a person the very opposite, robust and strong, with such limbs 'as Fabius teaches us to choose for a wrestler'; and the third, Ratpert, a schoolmaster in the schools attached to the monastery. These were fast friends, and all members of the chapter, or senate of the monastery: as such, they were liable to misrepresentation to the superior by the other monks; amongst whom the most active in detraction was Sindolf, who, from the office of refectorarius (caterer or house-steward), had been promoted to be clerk of the works (*decanus operariorum*). It was the custom of Notker, Tutilo, and Ratpert, says the historian, to meet, by permission of the prior, in the Scriptorium, 'at the night in the interval before lauds, and to discourse together on such Scriptural subjects as were most suited to such an hour. Sindolf, knowing the time and the fact of these conversations, went out one night, and came privily to the glass window against which Tutilo was sitting, and, applying his ear to it, listened to catch something which he might carry in a perverted form to the bishop. Tutilo, who had become aware of it, and who was a sturdy man, with full confidence in the strength of his arms, spoke to his companions in Latin, that Sindolf, who did not understand that language, might not know what he said. "There he is," said he, "and he has put his ear to the window; but do you, Notker, who are timorous, go out into the church; and you, my Ratpert, catch up the whip of the brethren which hangs in the calefactory, and run out; for when I know that you have got near to him, I will open the window as suddenly as possible, catch him by the hair, drag in his head, and hold it tight; but do you, my friend, be strong and of a good courage, and lay the whip on him with all your might, and take vengeance on him."

'Ratpert, who was always most alert in matters of discipline, went softly, and catching up the whip, ran quickly out, and came down with all his might like a hail-storm on the back of Sindolf, whose head was dragged in at the window. He, however, struggling with his arms and legs, contrived to get and keep hold of the whip; on which Ratpert, catching up a stick which he saw at hand, laid on him most lustily. When he found it vain

\* See our article on 'The Trade.' Vol. iii. (new series), p. 141.

to beg for mercy, "I must," said he, "cry out;" and he roared vociferously. Part of the monks, astounded at hearing such a voice at such an unwonted time, came running with lights, and asking what was the matter. Tutilo kept crying out that he had caught the devil, and begging them to bring a light, that he might more clearly see whose shape he had assumed; and turning the head of his reluctant prisoner to and fro, that the spectators might the better judge, he asked with affected ignorance whether it could be Sindolf? All declaring that it certainly was, and begging that he would let him go, he released him, saying, "Wretch that I am, that I should have laid hands on the intimate and confidant of the bishop!" Ratpert, however, having stepped aside on the coming up of the monks, privately withdrew, and the sufferer could not find out who had beaten him.\* We perceive, from this amusing passage, that the rules prescribed for the conduct of the scribes in the Scriptorium were either broken during 'play hours,' or much relaxed.

Before quitting the monkish transcribers, it may be useful to mention that ornaments and illuminations in manuscripts were but little used till the sixth century. Ornamental letters employed for the titles, the principal divisions, and initial letters of chapters, were of the most fantastic and grotesque forms. Sometimes they occupied the entire page. They represented not only men with the most monstrous deformities, but animals, plants, and fruits. To such an excess had this arrived in the fifteenth century, that, in the words of a contemporary, 'writers are no longer writers, but painters.' These ornaments increased the price of books immensely, without enhancing their intrinsic value.

The commencement of the university system drew transcribers forth from the monastic Scriptoria, and attracted an immense number of clerks (most of them literally 'in orders') to Paris. When Faust took his printed Bibles to that city in 1463, there were 6000 persons who subsisted by copying and illuminating manuscripts;† but they were notorious for the clerical errors they allowed to escape. The condition in which manuscripts were turned out of their hands, is quaintly described by Petrarch, the immortal sonneteer (1304-1374). 'How will it be possible,' he asks, 'to remedy the evils brought upon us by copyists whose ignorance and indolence destroy all our race? They prevent many a work of genius from seeing the day, which would perhaps gain immortality. This is a just punishment of the present age of idleness, when people are less curious about books than expensive dishes, and prefer having good cooks to clever copyists. Any one who can paint on parchment, and hold a pen, passes for a good transcriber, though he may have neither skill nor knowledge. I do not complain of their orthography: it would be useless; for that has been past amendment for a long while. We must be thankful, I suppose, that they will copy, however badly, whatever is given them. Such of their patrons even as are sensible of their misdeeds, still will have books, because a book is a book, whether correct or not. Do you think that if Cicero, Livy, and other ancient authors—above all, Pliny—were to rise from the dead and read their own works, that they would understand them? Would they not, think you, at each page, at each word, declare that these were no composition of theirs, but the writing of some barbarian? The evil is, that there are no laws to govern copyists; they are submitted to no examination. Locksmiths, farmers, weavers, and other labourers, are obliged to conform to certain rules; but none exist for copyists. Wanton destroyers are obliged to pay damages; and surely copyists ought to be made to pay handsomely for all the books they have spoiled.'

\* From 'The Dark Ages,' a most interesting work, by the Rev. S. R. Maitland, librarian to his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury.

† See further on this subject, Journal, new series, vol. III., p. 146.

So cautious was Petrarch to whom he trusted his writings, that, referring to his treatise on Solitude, he writes to Boccaccio—'It appears incredible that a book which took only a few months to compose, I cannot get satisfactorily copied in the space of many years.' In corroboration of Petrarch's complaint, a French writer remarks, 'The mistakes of copyists are like the posterity of Abraham, numberless. To count them, would be as difficult as to numerate the stars or the sands of the sea.' This is readily comprehended when we consider the number of transcribers through whose hands the classics passed before they even reached the Italian poet's time. First there were the Greek penmen, of whom Cicero complained, then came the monks, and lastly the Parisian professional and public copyists, who excited Petrarch's ire. Each transcriber of each age copied the errors of his predecessor, besides making mistakes of his own; and when we add to these the more recent ignorance of commentators, as displayed in their so-called 'restorations' of texts, alterations, and additions, it is so far from surprising that we occasionally meet with passages in ancient authors which are totally incomprehensible, that the only wonder is, how we get at the sense so well as we do.

Errors of transcription, sometimes trivial, sometimes gross, have produced amusing results. It was, for example, hotly argued by the learned at one time that Aristotle was a Jew, from the misplacing of a comma in George of Trébison's version of the works of Josephus. The vitiated passage stood thus: *Atque, ille inquit, Aristoteles Judæus erat*—[And, he says, Aristotle was a Jew]: the correct version being, *Atque ille, inquit Aristoteles, Judæus erat*—[And he, says Aristotle, was Judæus.] The ancient Martyrology of St Jerome sets down, for the 16th February, A.D. 309, eleven martyrs who perished with St Pamphylus. After the words, *Juliani cum Ægyptiis V.*, he added *mil.*, an abbreviation of *milibus*; the whole signifying—'Julian, with five Egyptian soldiers.' The copyists, supposing *mil.* to mean *milibus*, wrote, *Juliani cum aliis quinque milibus*; that is, 'Julian, with five thousand others!' and this was copied into all the martyrologies as subject for additional execration of the great Christian persecutors Diocletian and Maximian. Instances like these may be multiplied to infinity.

On the other hand, the correctness of religious works was regarded as of the utmost importance, and transcribers were in the habit of placing a note at the commencement or end of their manuscripts, in which they recommended future copyists to collate their work carefully with the original. Such advertisements occasionally took the form of imprecations against those who falsified the text. Such an imprecation will be found in the 18th and 19th verses of the last chapter of the Revelation of St John.

Still, errors occurred even in copies of holy writ; but a summary remedy for them astonished the Parisians in 1463. John Faust made his appearance with printed Bibles, and the copyists were gradually, as a body, superseded. With the invention of printing, indeed, the history of the scribes almost ceases in Europe. In the East, however, the profession is still much employed and followed.

At Grand Cairo, which is the metropolis of Arabic literature, copyists abound, because printing is discountenanced by the singular religious scruples of all strict Mussulmen. The respect they feel not only towards the Koran, but to the names of the Deity and of the prophet, wherever they are inscribed, carries them to the length of guarding the words from coming in contact with anything unclean. Mr Lane once asked a Calceon tobacco-pipe maker why he did not stamp the bowls with his name like other manufacturers: his answer was, 'God forbid! My name is Ahmmed (one of the names of the prophet): would you have me put it in the fire?' This strange veneration is the chief reason why the Mussulims object to printing. They have scarcely a book that does not contain the name of God;





union of the two into a something which was evidently intended for business, in the centre of the hamlet, set all the inhabitants on the tiptoe of expectation, and excited no little curiosity and alarm among the shopkeeping fraternity as to its meaning and destination. Some imagined that the new premises were, from the costliness of their decorations, intended for a gin palace, for the situation was indeed excellent; others contended it was some capitalist linendraper from town: but the secrecy observed by all parties concerned was so great, that nothing could be ascertained.

The premises, however, were soon completed, and the mystery was at length unfolded by the name and business painted in gay colours on a large board in front; and 'Driver and Co.' it appeared, was the important firm which had settled down its giant limbs among the pignons. Their line of business—'general dealers'—was somewhat vague; but it was unmistakably interpreted by the universal character of the articles exhibited in the shop, to which certainly no less comprehensive term could have been adequate. Grocery and hardware, butter and blacking, slops and drugs, anything and everything, were to be obtained at the new shop, and, the premises being extensive, each was arranged according to its peculiar department; and one-half the neighbouring tradesmen beheld with dismay, in the new establishment, a gigantic opponent.

The new shop immediately became, as may well be supposed, quite a feature in the quiet little hamlet; and its splendid glass front and new fittings-up certainly appeared to great advantage, at night especially, when the profusion of gas-lights formed a perfect blaze of light, which threw every other shop in the place far into the shade. The young urchins could scarcely believe that those immeasurable panes of glass were in one piece, and the simple rustics lifted up their eyes in amazement at the 'power of money' it must have cost. Everything was arranged in the windows in the most tempting manner, with price-tickets appended, the figures on which astonished and delighted the marketing folks of the neighbourhood, so much so, that the establishment soon became known by the name of 'the Cheap Shop.'

Besides these temptations, other demonstrations were made by the new firm, which added not a little to its popularity. The neighbourhood was deluged with cards and handbills; the walls were placarded for miles round; and no expedient of puffing was left unresorted to. The shopmen, who were young and active, seemed always in a bustle; empty casks and boxes, and unopened bales, were always about the door; and a gay light cart was continually to be seen on the roads in the neighbourhood; though there were some in the hamlet ill-natured enough to assert that it was kept for show rather than for use, and was merely a kind of locomotive advertisement. All these things, however, had their use, and served to attract the attention of even the least regardful; and many, who were astonished at the show of business made, were curious to deal at a shop apparently so universally patronised by the neighbourhood.

Many other expedients, and some not a little ingenious and singular, were adopted by the new shop for attaining publicity. Besides the hackneyed pretences of 'selling off,' 'alteration of premises,' 'damaged stock,' &c. which kept the hamlet in a state of continual excitement, one of their manoeuvres was pre-eminently successful, and was so plausible as to conciliate many who had formed an ill opinion of the honesty and honourable intentions of Driver and Co. Bills were posted on all the walls in the neighbourhood, stating that a bank-note had been picked up in the shop, presumed to have been dropped by one of their customers,

and that the owner, by making good his claim, might have it upon application. This was a capital advertisement; the tongues of the simple and unsuspecting were full of the praise of the honest and honourable firm, and many who had hitherto continued their patronage to the old-established shopkeepers, determined they would henceforth support a firm of such integrity and principle. There were certainly some far-seeing people in the hamlet who laughed at the affair with an air of suspicion and incredulity, but the majority scouted such uncharitableness; and the popularity and custom of Driver and Co. visibly increased from week to week. Some were attracted by the extreme civility of the young men, who were so attentive, so anxious to please, and invariably wrapt up the change in paper. Some of the labourers' wives declared they could save a shilling a-week by dealing there, so cheap were the articles. Some were attracted by the splendid appearance of the shop; but perhaps the greater part went at first from curiosity to see the place, and to try the articles that were sold at such marvellously low prices. Certain it is that the new shop was abundantly patronised, and on Saturdays was always crowded till long past midnight.

Things went on in this way for several months, and Driver and Co. were gradually absorbing the custom of the district. Notwithstanding this apparent prosperity, rumours were spread abroad that wholesale dealers were pressing in vain for their money, that the most trivial and unsatisfactory reasons were continually urged for deferring payment, and that the concern must soon come to a stand-still. It was asserted also that the head of the firm (some said that he constituted in himself the entire company) had a large country-house, kept his cab and footman, rejoiced in a large establishment and expensive table; and that his lady showed, by her style of dress, she was determined to be not a whit behind her husband in the liberality of her expenditure. The surrounding tradesmen also declared it was impossible to purchase many of the articles at the price for which they were sold at the new shop; and that either they were never paid for, or else the proprietor would soon be ruined. However this might have been, certain it was that, within a twelvemonth from its opening, a knot of early customers was seen one fine morning vainly striving for admittance: the shop was closed, and for ever. Driver and Co. were in the Gazette, and the stock was shortly afterwards advertised to be sold off for the benefit of the creditors.

Great was the consternation in the hamlet and neighbourhood at this sudden *dénouement*; and the elongated faces of the many commercial-looking men who inquired anxiously in the neighbourhood, indicated how extensively the mischief had operated. Many houses of respectability, it was rumoured, had been deluded by the specious representations of the firm, and had credited them so extensively, that they were unable in turn to meet their engagements; and more than one promising young tradesman, who had liberally advanced goods on the faith of their respectability and good intentions, saw themselves involved in ruin. Disastrous also were the results to the little tradesmen in the hamlet. Most of the shopkeepers in the same line of business had been more or less affected, and many, seeing their custom forsaking them, and no other mode of escape from the crushing evil, left the neighbourhood to try their fortunes elsewhere. One poor grocer, who had previously struggled hard to maintain his family of six children in respectability, after some time manfully endeavouring to brave the impending storm, had no other alternative than to tear his heart from all his long-cherished associations, and emigrate to a distant land; and an industrious cheesemonger, who had, previously to the settling down of 'the Cheap Shop,' contrived for many years to support an aged relative, was compelled, owing to the decline of his business, to send her down to her own parish in the country. Independent of the



injury done to the morality of trade in the hamlet and neighbourhood, many a year passed away before the evil was neutralised which was bred and fostered by 'the Cheap Shop.'

### SCHOOLS OF INDUSTRY.

Our article, 'Visit to the Aberdeen Schools of Industry,' in the number for November 15, appears to have excited some attention, and we trust may be a means of promoting the establishment of schools of industry for poor children in all large towns, or at least of rousing public attention to the subject. Among the communications which have reached us, is the following:—

'About two years ago I was summoned to appear as a juror in the sheriff's criminal court at ——. On attending at an early hour in the morning, I found that I was one of forty-five persons brought together on the same errand, many from distant parts of the county, and the whole, from the care on their countenances, appeared to feel that the sacrifice they were making to the injunctions of the law was by no means a light one. At length the court met, and was constituted by the chair being taken by a grave-looking judge in a formidable wig. The culprit was brought in and arraigned. He was a little boy of twelve or thirteen years of age, dressed in a pair of tattered corduroy trousers; and his tangled hair, dirty face, and bare feet, told pretty plainly to what class of the population he belonged—one of those poor, wretched, vagrant urchins who haunt area doors in quest of a mouthful of food, and whose whinings for halfpence, as you have observed, are the annoyance of all well-dressed passengers. Well, here was the little fellow caught up at last. When addressed by the judge, he seemed puzzled in making a reply before such an awful assembly, the terrible white wig of the sheriff doubtless contributing materially to his mystification. It was at length gathered from him that he pled "not guilty," and so the case "passed to the knowledge of an assize." With my usual luck I was drawn from the five-and-forty to sit on this important trial by jury, and to it we went. There was something exceedingly droll in the whole affair. The apparatus evoked to try the little vagrant seemed like erecting a steam-engine of five hundred horse power to kill a mouse. On the one side were the judge, prosecutor, solicitors pro. and con., sundry subordinate officials, and the jury—a selection of fifteen from five-and-forty men dragged from their daily avocations over a compass of at least thirty miles. On the other was a poor little dirty urchin, so short in stature that his face barely reached the top of the table behind which he was placed; and to have a proper look of him, he was caused to stand upon a chair in front of the court. Crime charged—stealing an old brass candlestick worth sixpence. The theft was proved, as a matter of course; and in a very cool commonplace sort of way the culprit was condemned to six months' imprisonment, the hint being added, that as this was his third offence of the kind, he should on the next occasion be brought before a higher tribunal. The warning was well meant; but as the poor creature could neither read nor write, and had been a neglected child since infancy, it may be doubted if he understood a single word that was addressed to him. After another case of a similar kind, the entire members of the jury were informed they might depart, and the court broke up. The expense to the country and to the individuals employed in these miserable trials, could not, I am told, be estimated at less than one hundred pounds.

'Nine months later, I was summoned as a juror in the supreme criminal court, and there, amidst a much more imposing apparatus of law and lawyers—for one thing, three learned judges on the bench—appeared to undergo his trial the same unfortunate little boy whom I had formerly seen before the sheriff. Working his way up, as it is called, he had passed through all the inferior tribunals, and improving as he proceeded, had committed

a crime which inferred one of the highest statutory penalties. The hint of the sheriff had been made good. He was now before a higher court—the highest he could reach. Again there were all the minutiae of evidence, with harangues from lawyers; and again was the culprit found guilty, and condemned. Again was there an admonition from the presiding judge; again did the court break up; and again did every member of the jury wend his way home, in a state of moody discontent and indignation at having lost so much valuable time, and been put to so much trouble, on so pitiful a business. On this occasion the country could not have incurred a pecuniary obligation of less than three hundred pounds; reckoning all things, perhaps five hundred pounds would be nearer the mark. Five hundred pounds to punish a crime: five pounds rightly laid out at first would most likely have prevented its commission. The probable ruin of a boy, body and soul, is a different question.

'It is of no use mincing the matter. The cumbrous, expensive, and imposing methods adopted for clearing the country of crime in the manner here pointed out, surely fall very far short of what common sense assures us is desirable. Our courts of justice are, of course, well enough in their way; their administration is perhaps all that can be desired; but it is equally evident that they do not reach the seat of the disease which they are designed to remedy. Nor can they, from their constitution, do so. An entirely different enginery requires to be erected for this important end.

'According to all recent experience, there is in every town a certain known number of persons, juvenile and adult, who prey on the public. The superintendents of police, and their assistants, can usually tell, within two or three, how many men, women, and boys, in each large town live by the habitual commission of depredations. They likewise know their haunts, and all their ways. Criminals may be said to form a kind of corporation. They have sprung from the people, but their course of life produces a distinct interest. It is the begging, thieving, and plundering interest. And to watch this interest, and keep it in check, is the business of the police. By the universal vigilance now exercised, the interest has been greatly lowered in tone and in numbers. To appearance, indeed, there is more crime now than formerly; the activity of the constabulary bringing hundreds of cases forward to swell returns which at one time would have been neglected. Crime, though magnified in amount, is really degenerated. Criminals of real consequence belong to the past.

'Leaving all the ordinary means in operation for quelling the thieving confederacies of large towns, and also for reclamation during imprisonment, we would offer a substantial obstacle to any recruitment in the number of depredators. The corps is kept up from beneath. It is like a growing plant. Let us then attack the root, which consists of the half or almost wholly destitute children who are seen roaming like creatures of the wilderness through the busy streets of our towns and cities. In your article on Aberdeen, you have shown how this vagrancy has been humanely considered and treated; why may not the same thing be done elsewhere? Is it creditable, or decent, or safe, or economical, to allow this perpetual growth out of the vagrancy and destitution of children, into the moral disorder and crime of youth and manhood? Nay more—is it just—just to leave a child in a state of constant necessity and temptation, and in nearly as great a degree of ignorance as a brute, and then inflict on him a punishment for an offence of which he cannot be morally conscious?

'Whatever be the degree of blame imputable to society at large for this species of neglect, a still greater blame rests on the heads of the magistrates and judges before whom these juvenile criminals are in the habit of being brought. They have seen the whole thing going on for years, and taken no active means to quell it. They know quite well that, by a very little outlay and atten-

tion at first, not a tenth of the cases which now come before them would ever exist. Were I judge, I should be in some degree ashamed of being constantly occupied in trying and condemning dirty ragged children. When I found myself, year after year, obliged to sit in judgment, along with other aged and grave men, on young creatures utterly abject and ignorant, and found it my duty to put questions on all sorts of mean details, such as, for example, how a tattered shirt worth sevenpence was stolen from a broker's door (shirt held up by an officer of court amidst the suppressed titter of the unprofessional audience), I should feel that I was altogether in a false position; that surely there was something wrong in a function by which I was obliged to drudge through such dirty work. It is at all events certain that no mercantile man has ever to put his hands to such an offensive occupation; nor would he. Every man of the least feeling loathes the idea of sitting as a juror on the heart-sickening scenes of which I speak; and never does a court break up, in which the strangers present do not express their wonder at seeing judges take the matter so coolly. No doubt judges must undertake any kind of trial that comes before them. But, although judges, they do not cease to be men; and I should think that, for their own feelings, if not for the sake of humanity and public decency, they would try to avert the appearance of these shoals of children at their bar.

That the establishment of schools of industry, partly on a compulsory principle, would sweep nearly every juvenile vagrant and thief from the streets, may be now pretty safely admitted; and in the getting up of these valuable institutions, every judge and magistrate is, in my opinion, deeply concerned. Let every man amongst them, then, put himself in possession of the facts necessary for this purpose. Money is less wanted than personal services. We want no fine buildings, fine uniforms, and fine food. A garret for a school, with ragged children for pupils, will answer every reasonable expectation. Again, I say, let the magistracy take a lead in this good work, and I shall have no fears for the result.

Our correspondent, it will be noticed, has spoken somewhat warmly in behalf of the ragged urchins of the streets; but his good intentions will be an apology for any undue fervour. The subject is one of the most important of the day.

## BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

### ADMIRAL LORD EXMOUTH.

EDWARD PELLEW, Viscount Exmouth, the second son of a commander of a post-office packet on the Dover station, was born on the 19th of April 1757. His father died in 1763, leaving six children to the care of a second wife, slenderly provided for. They were, however, educated by their grandfather, and Edward was sent to various grammar-schools, where he learnt to 'construe Virgil,' which was considered at that time an achievement that bespoke a good education. At fourteen he evinced a passion for the sea, and through the interest of Lady Spencer (grandmother to the present lord), was received into the naval service in the year 1770. He entered on board the *Juno*, Captain Stott, which was commissioned for the Falkland Islands. On the homeward voyage he exhibited a degree of firmness and generosity which always in after-life honourably distinguished him. He had formed a strong friendship for a fellow-midshipman named Cole. This young gentleman had displeased his captain, who had the cruelty to put him on shore at Marseilles; and Pellew, feeling very strongly the injustice of this act, insisted upon bearing his friend company. They were accordingly both turned out of the ship, and left penniless on a foreign shore. Lord Hugh Seymour and the late Captain Keppel, who were

then lieutenants under Stott, befriended them, and the former furnished them with enough of cash to pay their way back to England. On their return, the harsh captain so far repented of his conduct as to give both the lads certificates of good behaviour and abilities; and Pellew was received into the *Blonde*.

Captain Pownoll, who commanded the *Blonde*, soon estimated Pellew's worth above that of his other midshipmen. Active beyond his companions, Mr Pellew did the ship's duty with a smartness which none of them could equal; and as every one takes pleasure where he excels, he had soon become a thorough seaman. At the same time the buoyancy of youth, and a naturally playful disposition, led him continually into feats of more than common daring. In the spring of 1775, General Burgoyne took his passage to America in the *Blonde*, and when he came alongside, the yards were manned to receive him. Looking up, he was surprised to see a midshipman on the yard-arm standing on his head. Captain Pownoll, who was at his side, quieted his apprehensions, by assuring him that it was only one of the usual frolics of young Pellew, and that the general might make himself quite at ease for his safety, for that, if he should fall, he would only go under the ship's bottom and come up on the other side. What on this occasion was probably spoken but in jest, was afterwards more than realised; for he actually sprang from the fore-yard of the *Blonde* while she was going fast through the water, and saved a man who had fallen overboard. Pownoll reproached him for his rashness; but the captain shed tears when he spoke of it to the officers, and declared that Pellew was a noble fellow. These two feats foreshadowed, as it were, the future adventures of young Pellew; but as he grew older, a greater degree of prudence and foresight tempered that ardent and impulsive activity which originated some of his most extraordinary achievements.

The *Blonde* formed part of the force against the Americans during their war of independence, and her destination was Canada. To forward the operations of the land forces, it was found necessary to have a flotilla on Lake Champlain; but of course it had to be built. A lieutenant, a senior midshipman, and sixty sailors, were detached from the *Blonde*. Pellew also volunteered for this service; and fortunately, as the event proved, was added to the party. The first thing to be done on the borders of the lake was simply to—build a little fleet; and this was actually accomplished under the superintendence of Lieutenant (afterwards Admiral) Schanck, an officer of great mechanical ingenuity. The timbers or skeletons of the largest of these impromptu vessels were 'laid down' in Quebec. They were then taken to pieces, and conveyed in parts to the lake, where the ships were completely equipped. The progress of the work was like magic. Trees growing in the forest in the morning, would form part of a ship before night. In this manner a ship of 300 tons, called the *Inflexible*, with two schooners, and twenty-six other vessels and boats, were, in an incredibly short time, launched on the lake. The *Blonde* party manned one of the schooners, called the *Carleton*. In the first action with the enemy, both Pellew's superior officers were killed, and he took the command, and performed two of his most daring feats. In attempting to go about, being close to the shore covered with the enemy's marksmen, the *Carleton* hung in stays, and Pellew, not regarding the danger of making himself so conspicuous a mark, sprang out on the bowsprit to push the jib over. Some of the gun-boats now took her in tow; but

so thick and heavy was the enemy's fire, that the tow-rope was cut with a shot. Pellew ordered some one to go and secure it; but seeing all hesitate—for indeed it looked like a death-service—he ran forward and did it himself. His conduct was so highly approved, that when it was detailed at head-quarters, Lord Sandwich, first lord of the Admiralty, sent him a voluntary letter, promising him a lieutenant's commission.

Pellew and his little party were afterwards selected to accompany the army overland to the Hudson river. Here the enemy was completely successful, and, amongst other things, captured a boat filled with provisions upon which the forces were mainly to depend. The loss was most disastrous, and appeared irreparable; but Pellew, at the head of his little band, made a successful attack, and recaptured the vessel. She was carried by boarding, and taken in tow by our sailors; the tow-rope was twice shot away, and twice replaced by Pellew swimming with it on board under the enemy's fire. The commander-in-chief of the land forces (General Burgoyne) wrote to him, returning his own sincere thanks and that of the whole army 'for the important service rendered them.' So high an opinion had the general of his young auxiliary's judgment, that when it was deemed necessary to capitulate, he admitted him into his council of war. Finally, he was selected to return to England with despatches—about as high a compliment as it was possible to pay an officer at that time only twenty. He came home in a transport, which was attacked by a hostile privateer. Pellew, though only a passenger, insisted on taking the command and fighting the ship. This he did with such success, that he beat off the privateer.

Immediately after Pellew's arrival home, he received a lieutenant's commission, and was appointed to a guard-ship. In 1780, we find him first lieutenant of the *Apollo*, under his old friend Captain Pownoll. In an action with the French frigate *Stanislaus*, on the 15th June, this officer was killed, and the command of the *Apollo* having devolved on Pellew, he drove the enemy, dismasted and beaten, on shore. For this exploit he obtained a step of rank, and was made commander of the *Hazard* war-sloop. In the *Pelican*, his next ship, he defeated several French privateers in so gallant a style, that he was made a post-captain.\*

In 1783, soon after this promotion, peace was proclaimed, and Captain Pellew married Susanna, second daughter of J. Frowd, Esq. of Knoyle, Wiltshire, with whom he appears to have enjoyed three successive years of uninterrupted domestic happiness. In 1786 he was called from his wife and his home to commission the *Winchelsea* for the Newfoundland station, and on board this ship performed several acts of daring intrepidity. It was his boast that he would never order a common seaman to do what he was not ready to set about himself. Some of his orders were indeed so perilous of execution, that his smartest hands hesitated to obey them. When he saw this, he invariably did what was required himself. Some of these exploits were of too technical a nature to be understood by the general

reader; but one anecdote, related by an officer of the *Winchelsea*, everybody will understand. 'We had light winds and fine weather after making the coast of Portugal. One remarkably fine day, when the ship was stealing through the water under the influence of a gentle breeze, the people were all below at their dinners, and scarcely a person left on deck but officers, of whom the captain was one. Two little ship-boys had been induced, by the fineness of the weather, to run up from below the moment they had dined, and were at play on the spare anchor to leeward, which overhangs the side of the ship. One of them fell overboard, which was seen from the quarter-deck, and the order was given to luff the ship into the wind. In an instant the officers were over the side; but it was the captain who, grasping a rope firmly with one hand, let himself down to the water's edge, and, catching hold of the poor boy's jacket as he floated past, saved his life in as little time as I have taken to mention it. There was not a rope touched or a sail altered in doing this, and the people below knew not of the accident until they came on deck when their dinner was over.'

Having served three years in the northern seas, Pellew returned; but his visit ashore was cut short by the breaking out of the French war. He was appointed to the *Nymph*, which had been previously captured from the French; and with her he deprived them of another vessel. Having fallen in with the *Cleopatra*, a ship of equal force, he took her after a well-fought action, in which the French showed good training and courage. For this Pellew was, on his return home, knighted.

In 1794 we find Captain Sir Edward Pellew commanding the '*Saucy Arethusa*' (as Dibdin calls her in one of his most popular songs), as part of a frigate squadron under Sir John Warren. This fleet was so successful, that the Admiralty was induced to increase it, and to divide the command between Warren and Pellew. One of the ships taken, '*La Revolutionnaire*,' was commissioned in the British service by Sir Edward's early associate, the oppressed midshipman Cole. In the *Indefatigable*, into which Pellew removed from the *Arethusa*, he performed one of his diving feats, which astonished the whole ship's crew. In May 1795, while chasing a vessel near the shores of Cape Finisterre, the *Indefatigable* struck on a rock. The mischief was serious, and it was with great difficulty that the ship was kept afloat. In order to ascertain whether both sides of the ship had been injured, Sir Edward resolved to examine the bottom himself; and to the astonishment and admiration of every witness, he plunged into the water, thoroughly examined both sides, and satisfied himself that the starboard side only had been damaged. This saved much time and expense; for had not Sir Edward hazarded the experiment, the apparatus for heaving down must have been shifted over, at so great a loss of time, that serious damage might have ensued. In this ship, indeed, he performed several heroic acts in the cause of humanity. Once in Portsmouth harbour, where he was instrumental in saving two poor fellows; and again at Spithead, where one of the coxswains of his own ship fell overboard, the captain was instantly in the water, and caught the man just as he was sinking quite exhausted; life was apparently extinct, but, by the usual means, was happily restored. On the third occasion, the attempt had nearly proved fatal to himself. Two men had been dashed overboard in a very heavy sea; Pellew jumped into a boat, and ordered it to be lowered—in the attempt, the ship happened to make a deep plunge—the boat was stove to pieces, and the captain thrown out much bruised, his nostril split by one of the tackles, and bleeding profusely; but his coolness and self-possession did not forsake him, and calling for a rope, he slung himself with one of the many which were

\* As this term is not very generally understood, some explanation of it may be useful. The term 'captain' means chief or head, and is thus applied to an officer commanding a ship, even though in actual rank he be only a lieutenant or 'commander.' In that case it is merely temporary, or local rank. A post-captain, on the contrary, is permanent rank, for his name is recorded in its proper place on the list of captains, and thus he takes his post or place according to seniority, and will in course of time become an admiral, if he outlive those above him; so that when an officer is placed on the roll of captains, his promotion no longer depends upon favour, but upon desert and vacancies. He is therefore said to be posted.

\* The Life of Admiral Viscount Exmouth. By Edward Osler, Esq. Pp. 67, 68.



thrown to him, and was hauled on board. Another boat was then lowered with better success, and the men, who seem to have supported themselves by the wreck of the first boat, were eventually saved.

But Sir Edward's most extraordinary and celebrated achievement remains to be told. On the 26th January 1796, while the *Indefatigable* was being refitted in Plymouth harbour, he was proceeding in his carriage with Lady Fellow to dine with the Rev. Dr Hawker.\* It was blowing a hurricane, and crowds were running towards the sea-shore. Sir Edward soon learnt that the *Dutton*, a large transport, was driven ashore under the citadel, and was beating against the rocks in a tremendous and impassable surf, at a rate which threatened her destruction every minute. She had part of the 2d regiment on board, who had given themselves up for lost. Sir Edward sprang from his carriage, and, 'arrived at the beach,' writes his biographer, 'he saw at once that the loss of nearly all on board, between five and six hundred, was inevitable, without some one to direct them. The principal officers of the ship had abandoned their charge, and got on shore, just as he arrived on the beach. Having urged them, but without success, to return to their duty, and vainly offered rewards to pilots and others belonging to the port to board the wreck—for all thought it too hazardous to be attempted—he exclaimed, "Then I will go myself!" A single rope, by which the officers and a few others had landed, formed the only communication with the ship, and by this he was hauled on board through the surf. The danger was greatly increased by the wreck of the masts, which had fallen towards the shore; and he received an injury in the back, which confined him to his bed for a week, in consequence of being dragged under the mainmast. But disregarding this at the time, he reached the deck, declared himself, and assumed the command. He assured the people that every one would be saved if they quietly obeyed his orders; that he would himself be the last to quit the wreck, but that he would run any one through who disobeyed him. His well-known name, with the calmness and energy he displayed, gave confidence to the despairing multitude. He was received with three hearty cheers, which were echoed by the multitude on shore; and his promptitude at resource soon enabled him to find and apply the means by which all might be safely landed. His officers, in the meantime, though not knowing that he was on board, were exerting themselves to bring assistance from the *Indefatigable*. Mr Fellowe, first lieutenant, left the ship in the barge, and Mr Thomson, acting master, in the launch; but the boats could not be brought alongside the wreck, and were obliged to run for the Barbican. A small boat belonging to a merchant vessel was more fortunate. Mr Edsell, signal midshipman to the port-admiral, and Mr Coghlan, mate of the merchant vessel, succeeded, at the risk of their lives, in bringing her alongside. The ends of two additional hawsers were got on shore, and Sir Edward contrived cradles to be slung upon them, with travelling ropes to pass forward and backward between the ship and the beach. Each hawser was held on shore by a number of men, who watched the rolling of the wreck, and kept the ropes tight and steady. Meantime a cutter had with great difficulty worked out of Plymouth Pool, and two large boats arrived from the dock-yard, under the directions of Mr Hemmings, the master-attendant, by whose caution and judgment they were enabled to approach the wreck, and receive the more helpless of the passengers, who were carried to the cutter. Sir Edward, with his sword drawn, directed the proceedings, and preserved order; a task the more difficult, as the soldiers had got at the spirits before he came on board, and many were drunk. The children, the women, and the sick were the first landed. One of them was only three

weeks old; and nothing in the whole transaction impressed Sir Edward more strongly than the struggle of the mother's feelings before she would intrust her infant to his care, or afforded him more pleasure than the success of his attempt to save it. Next the soldiers were got on shore, then the ship's company, and finally, Sir Edward himself, who was one of the last to leave her. Every one was saved, and presently after the wreck went to pieces. Fellowe's principal assistant in this heroic act met his reward. Coghlan was taken, through his influence, into the royal service, and became a post-captain by 1810. Nor was the chief actor in this courageous enterprise forgotten. Praise was lavished on him from every quarter. The corporation of Plymouth voted him the freedom of the town. The merchants of Liverpool presented him with a valuable service of plate. On the 5th of March following he was created a baronet, as Sir Edward Fellowe of Trevery, and received for an honourable augmentation of his arms a civic wreath, a stranded ship for a crest, and the motto, '*Deo adjuvante, Fortuna sequatur*'—(God assisting, success must follow). In writing to a friend on the subject, Fellowe said, 'I was laid in bed for a week by getting under the mainmast (which had fallen towards the shore); and my back was cured by Lord Spencer's having conveyed to me by letter his majesty's intention to dub me baronet. No more have I to say, except that I felt more pleasure in giving to a mother's arms a dear little infant only three weeks old, than I ever felt in my life; and both were saved. The struggle she had to intrust me with the bantling, was a scene I cannot describe.'

In 1796 the French made their attempt on Ireland, and Sir Edward having been sent in the *Indefatigable* as part of a fleet to oppose them, suffered severely from the gale which nearly destroyed the enemy's ships. On returning home, however, the vessel got severely handled by a French two-decker, the *Droits de l'Homme*; and the storm continuing, she was nearly lost. The years 1797 and 1798 were passed in the blockade of Brest and other Channel services, with great perseverance and so much success, that in the course of 1798 alone Sir Edward's squadron took no fewer than fifteen of the enemy's cruisers. One of the captures was of more than common interest. It was *La Vaillante*, a national corvette, taken by the *Indefatigable* after a chase of twenty-four hours. She was bound to Cayenne with prisoners, amongst whom were twenty-five priests; and, as passengers, the wife and family of an exiled deputy, M. Rovère, who were proceeding to join him, with all they possessed—about £3000. Sir Edward and his officers vied in attention to the poor ecclesiastics, and, on landing them in England, he gave them a supply for their immediate wants; to Madame Rovère he restored the whole of her property, paying out of his own pocket the proportion which was the prize of the crew. Sir Edward was now removed into a larger ship, the '*Impétueux*,' which bore the singular distinction of carrying 78 guns. He was in this ship when the widespread naval mutiny took place, and a part of his crew rose against their officers. On investigation, however, it turned out that not one of the men who had followed him from the *Indefatigable* joined in the mutiny. No better proof could be adduced of the attachment to his person of those who knew him best.

The peace of Amiens placed Fellowe on half-pay. He was solicited to become a member of parliament, and at the general election of 1802 he was returned for Barnstaple in Devonshire. The senate soon proved not to his taste, and he took the earliest opportunity to escape from it. The very day that fresh hostilities against France were declared, he solicited employment, and was appointed to the *Tonnant*, an 80-gun ship, in which he cruised with the Channel Fleet. At the general promotion of 1804, Fellowe was advanced to the rank of rear-admiral, and intrusted with the post of commander-in-chief of the East Indian seas; whither he proceeded, and remained till 1809. In the spring of 1811, he suc-

\* Author of a commentary on the Bible, sermons, and several religious works. He was, for half a century, vicar of the parish of Charles the Martyr, Plymouth.

ceeded to the Mediterranean command, and acquitted himself so well, that at the downfall of Napoleon, occasioned by the Russian campaign, Sir Edward was created, even before his return home, Baron Exmouth of Canon-teign, a mansion and estate in South Devon he had previously purchased. This was no empty honour; for a pension was added to it.

The return of Napoleon from Elba soon required a British force in the Mediterranean, and Lord Exmouth having been selected for this service, again performed, with his usual prudence and energy, all the duties which the position of affairs required or admitted. Marseilles had shown some disposition to favour the Bourbons, and Marshal Brune was marching from Toulon upon that city, avowedly to destroy it. Lord Exmouth, on this emergency, took upon himself to embark about 3000 men, part of the garrison of Genoa, with whom he sailed to Marseilles. Forty years before, he had landed at this port a poor penniless boy turned out of his ship—he now entered it a British admiral and peer, and, what was still more gratifying to him, a conqueror and deliverer! The inhabitants, grateful for their preservation, were unceasing in their attentions to the fleet and army, and, as a mark of their sense of his important services to their city, they presented him with a large and beautiful piece of plate executed in Paris, bearing a medallion of the noble admiral, and a view of the port of Marseilles, and the Boyne, his flag-ship, entering it full sail, with this simple and expressive inscription:—"A l'Amiral Lord Exmouth—La Ville de Marseilles reconnoissante."—[To the Admiral Lord Exmouth; the town of Marseilles, grateful.]

The final overthrow of Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo secured that peace which has not even yet been broken in Europe; and we now approach Lord Exmouth's most splendid naval achievement on the coast of Africa.

While the fleet was still assembled in the Mediterranean, the British government thought its presence there would be a good opportunity of putting down the abominable system of piracy carried on by the Barbary states. Lord Exmouth, amongst other duties, went on shore at Algiers to endeavour to extract a pledge from the Dey that slavery should be abolished—a promise which he had already drawn from the Beys of Tunis and Tripoli. But at Algiers both himself and his officers were insulted. This, with several other aggressions, and an obstinate refusal of the demands of the British government, induced the issue of orders for the bombardment of Algiers; the execution of which was confided to Lord Exmouth.

On the 27th August 1816, he led his fleet under the fortifications of Algiers, placing his own ship, the Queen Charlotte, within twenty yards of the mole-head, the most formidable of the enemy's batteries, and when the immense ship had only two feet of water to spare, being within that short distance from the bottom. M. Salamé, his lordship's Arabic interpreter, was sent on shore with certain written demands, and with a message that, unless a satisfactory answer were returned in two hours, that would be deemed a signal for the commencement of hostilities. Salamé waited three, and then put off to the admiral's ship. "On getting on board," he remarks, "I was quite surprised to see how his lordship was altered from what I left him in the morning, for I knew his manner was in general very mild; but now he seemed to me all-fightful, as a fierce lion which had been chained in a cage and was set at liberty. With all that, his lordship's answer to me was—"Never mind—we shall see!" and at the same time he turned towards the officers, saying, "Be ready;" whereupon I saw every one standing with the match or the string of the lock in his hand, anxiously waiting for the word "Fire." During this time the Queen Charlotte, in a most gallant and astonishing manner, took up a position opposite the head of the mole; and at a few minutes before three,

the Algerines, from the eastern battery, fired the first shot at the Impregnable, which was astern, when Lord Exmouth, having seen only the smoke of the gun, and, before the sound reached him, said with great alacrity, "That will do!—fire, my fine fellows." I am sure that before his lordship had finished these words, our broadside was given with great cheering, which was fired three times within five or six minutes; and at the same instant the other ships did the same. Of the action, Lord Exmouth gave an account in a letter to one of his brothers. Amongst other things, he relates, "It was a glorious sight to see the Charlotte take her anchorage, and to see her flag towering on high, when she appeared to be in the flames of the mole itself: and never was a ship nearer burnt; it almost scorched me off the poop. We were obliged to haul in the ensign, or it would have caught fire. Everybody behaved nobly. I was but slightly touched in thigh, face, and fingers—my glass cut in my hand, and the skirts of my coat torn off by a large shot; but as I bled a good deal, it looked as if I was badly hurt, and it was gratifying to see and hear how it was received even in the cockpit, which was then pretty full. I never saw such enthusiasm in all my service." After the bombardment, which was completely successful, Salamé, on meeting his lordship on the poop of the Queen Charlotte, observed, that "his voice was quite hoarse; and he had two slight wounds, one on the cheek, and the other on his leg. It was indeed astonishing to see the coat of his lordship, how it was all cut up by the musket-balls and by grape. It was as if a person had taken a pair of scissors and cut it all to pieces."

The effect of this engagement was, that piracy and slavery were put an end to in that quarter of the world for ever—a result of no small importance. On his return to England, he was created a viscount, with an honourable augmentation to his already so honoured escutcheon, and the word *Algiers* as an additional motto. He received from his own sovereign a gold medal struck for the occasion, and from the kings of Holland, Spain, and Sardinia, the stars of their orders—a sword from the city of London; and, finally—what was likely to please such a man most of all—an unusually large proportion of distinction and promotion acknowledged the merits of the brave men who had served under him. On the death of Admiral Duckworth in 1817, he was appointed to the chief command at Plymouth, where he continued till the 21st February 1821, when he struck his flag, terminated his active service, and retired to the pleasant neighbourhood of Teignmouth. Viscount Exmouth had served his country during the long space of fifty years and three months, and with such indefatigable activity, that out of that time his periods of inactivity only amounted to eight years altogether. In 1822 he obtained the high station of Vice-admiral of England.

His lordship lived on in placid retirement—which was only occasionally broken by attendance on his place in the House of Lords—enjoying to the full the affection of his beloved partner, and the comforts of rest. Bodily infirmities crept upon him, and on the 23d of January 1833 he expired, surrounded by his family, and in full and grateful possession of his faculties. His viscountess and five of his six children survived him.

Lord Exmouth's life adds another to the many instances we have already adduced, of what may be achieved by a steady and unflinching discharge of professional duties. He began his naval career a poor and almost friendless boy, and ended it holding the highest station but one it is possible for a sailor to fill. His contemporaries spoke of him as the *beau idéal* of a British sailor. He knew and could perform all the duties of a ship, from the furling of a sail in a storm to the manœuvring of a fleet in a battle; and there was nothing he ever attempted that he did not do well. Amidst all the violent and demoralising tendencies of warfare, he never forgot his religious duties. "Every hour of his life is a sermon," said an officer who was often with him; "I have seen him great in battle, but

\* Salamé's Expedition to Algiers, p. 30.

never so great as on his deathbed. Full of hope and peace, he advanced with the confidence of a Christian to his last conflict; and when nature was at length exhausted, he closed a life of brilliant and important service with a death more happy, and not less glorious, than if he had fallen in the hour of victory.\*

### THREE ROMANCES OF REAL LIFE.

THE French newspapers have recently reported, amongst their accounts of law proceedings, three traits of struggling poverty, so affecting and instructive, that we reproduce them for the edification of our readers.

The first came before the authorities in the shape of a fraud on the revenue, but one attended by circumstances which have softened the hearts of the otherwise rigid and exact functionaries on whom it was perpetrated. It had been remarked at one of the post-offices that a letter, coming from the frontiers of Siberia, and of course entailing heavy postage expenses, arrived regularly every three months in Paris, addressed to a Polish count. A few days after each letter reached its destination, a tall man, with thick black mustaches, and a military bearing, came to claim it. Little difficulty was of course made in giving the missive into his hands, the clerk at the same time informing him of the price of the postage. The Pole, attentively examining the superscription, after shaking his head with emotion, would return it, saying that the letter bore his name, but was not intended for him. The same circumstance, repeated at stated intervals for several years running, awakened curiosity. The opening of the letters after the time appointed by the rules of the post-office, afforded no elucidation to this mystery, for the contents were in blank paper. Some indiscretion at length revealed the secret; and it turned out that the Polish count was one of a family who took an active part in the revolution of Poland, and, after the events of 1831, was, together with his father, his three brothers, and two uncles, condemned to banishment in Siberia. He alone escaped, and found an asylum in France; but, reduced to the utmost straits, unable to pay postage from so great a distance, and longing to receive tidings of his relations, they agreed upon the following plan, which they carried on with success for several years:—On the cover of the letter, each word in the address was written by the different members of his family; thus the unfortunate Pole, from his exact knowledge of the handwriting of each, obtained, by mere examination of the outside, certitude of the existence of his captive relations, and of their continuing together on the same spot. On hearing this pitiable statement, the functionaries overlooked the fraud on the revenue in the affection which prompted, and the ingenuity which contrived, the scheme.

The second incident is of a more tragic cast, and resembles one of those strange coincidences which are met with in fictions. A young workman of good character supported a sorrowing mother, whose husband had many years previously basely abandoned her to great pecuniary distress. Though generally a sober and industrious person, he was, one Saturday night, enticed by several fellow-artisans to visit a public-house near the Barrier d'Enfer. The wine circulated freely; but after a little indulgence, the young man stopped short, saying that he could not afford to spend any more money away from his mother and his home. Accordingly he left the house, and walked towards his residence, a little confused, it is true, by the quantity of wine he had swallowed. Presently one of the boon companions, an elderly stranger, overtook him, and after commending his forbearance, and expressing much admiration of the sentiments he had uttered, offered to 'treat' him at the first house of entertainment they passed. The youth assented. They entered a wine shop, drank, and in a short time the guest felt his senses gradually overcome. Still, he retained sufficient sense to understand what was going

on, and to feel the hand of his entertainer gliding stealthily into his pocket. Rendered desperate by the dread of losing his week's earnings, he aroused himself, called in the police, had the robber arrested, and taken before a commissary or magistrate. The deceitful old man defended himself by saying he merely wished to play a trick upon his young companion, and in proof of his respectability, produced his passport. The magistrate examined it, and reading it aloud, pronounced the name of 'Jaques Antoine —'. The accuser, rubbing his eyes, and looking at the defendant attentively, called out, after a pause, in a tone of agony, 'Mon Dieu! c'est mon pere!' and, overcome by emotion, fell back in a swoon. At first, dissipation, altered attire, and the time which had elapsed since they had met, had effectually disguised the father from the son; but when the name was mentioned, recognition ensued. By the law of France, the accusation of a child cannot be taken against a parent, and the defendant was about to be dismissed, when he was confronted by other accusers whom he had defrauded, and was committed for trial upon bygone charges of felony. The son returned, and told the sad tale to his mother; and has, it is hoped, been taught a lesson of the necessity for temperance which he will profit by. The father will, it is to be feared, end his days an outcast from society.

The third little romance, perhaps the most affecting of all, is derived from the *Gazette de Tribunaux*. One day in October, a widow, who keeps a book-stall near the bridge of St Michael, was accosted by an old man, who seemed borne down with hunger and wretchedness. From under a worn and tattered coat he drew forth a thick volume, which was torn, and bore other marks of long use. He offered it for sale, owning that its intrinsic worth was little, 'though,' he continued, 'it is and always has been valuable to me, and I shall part with it most unwillingly; but I have not the courage to allow myself to die of hunger while I have even this treasured relic to sell. Give me for it anything you please.' The stall-keeper examined the book, and found it to be the first edition of the 'History of Astronomy amongst all Nations,' by Bailly, but in so bad a condition, that it was scarcely worth buying at all: but, out of compassion, the benevolent woman bought it for a franc. The old man immediately entered a baker's shop, brought out a loaf, and, sitting down beside the river, ate it greedily, and in solitude. It happened that a canon of Notre Dame, who is an indefatigable collector of old books, had witnessed the whole proceeding; and when the old man had left the stall, he took up the book. On examining the back of the title-page, he found the following lines traced with a firm hand with ink, which had now faded to the colour of rust:—'My young friend, I am condemned to die: at this hour to-morrow I shall be no more. I leave you friendless in the world—in a time of dreadful trouble; and that is one of my bitterest griefs. I had promised to be a father to you; God wills that my promise shall not be performed. Take this volume as the pledge of my earnest love, and keep it in memory of me.—BAILLY.'\* This, then, was a presentation copy sent fifty years ago from the unfortunate author, on the eve of his execution—to the distressed individual who had but now sold it to keep himself from starving. The canon, throwing down two francs to the good stall-keeper for her bargain, hastened to the old man, who still sat eating his cheerless crust. From him he learned that he was the natural son of a person of high rank, and had, after the death of his parents, been committed to Bailly's care, whose adopted child and

\* John Sylvanus Bailly was born in 1768; and, besides being an astronomer, was a poet of considerable fame. On presenting the above work to the French Academy in 1784, he was admitted one of its members, and at the Revolution was made president of the first National Assembly. Afterwards he became mayor of Paris; but his humane conduct in representing tumult, and the honest sympathy he evinced towards the royal family, made him so unpopular, that he was obliged to resign his office. In 1793 he was denounced by the anarchists of the day, and guillotined.



pupil he became up to the day before his execution, when the above inscription was written, and the book sent. The worn old man has since laboured in the capacity of instructor of children; but having been attacked by illness, and compelled to resign his duties, he gradually sank to such a state of destitution, that he was driven to turn the last gift of his friend and benefactor into bread. The priest took the old man to his home, fed and comforted him, till he was enabled to procure him admission into an asylum specially instituted for receiving respectable persons fallen into decay—the hospital of Larochevoucauld. There he now remains, to end his days in peace.

### Column for Young People.

#### THE LAKE AND ITS INHABITANTS.

A GENTLE shower had moderated the heat of a glowing summer day, and had cooled and refreshed the green face of nature, without throwing a damp on its beauties: it was near sunset when our evening walk brought us to the margin of a little lake. Some of our party had gone on before; and when I arrived, Elizabeth was seated on the trunk of an old fallen tree, busily occupied sketching the scene before us. It was a landscape worthy of Cuyt. The water of the lake was as still and transparent as the blue sky above. On its margin were scattered numerous birches, with their drooping branchlets and hoary trunks; the latter reflected like silvery pillars in the deep blue waters. Two cows were standing knee-deep near the rushy shore, and a little ragged herd-boy was leaning over a few palings, eagerly watching the fate of his baited hook suspended from a rude fishing-rod. A gleam of the full red sky coming through the distant break between the surrounding hills, lighted up the whole with a glow and softness which mellowed every object into beauty. We paused over the scene for a full quarter of an hour, 'till fancy had her fill,' and then proceeded to find out what could occupy the judgment as well as the imagination. We had not proceeded far, till Henry called our attention to a beautiful wild drake gliding among the rushes, and which at intervals darted out its green neck, and with quick bill picked up some bodies from the surface of the water. Its quick eye discovered our nearer approach, and, darting under water, in a few minutes we saw him rise up far on the other side.

'I should like to know what Mr Wildrake has been supping on,' said Henry; and we walked up to the place to make a minute examination. We saw some minnows in the water; but they were too deep to be taken in the manner we observed. We searched among the rushes, and could see nothing. At last Anna called our attention to some creatures floating on the surface of the water. We recognised them at once to be several species of shell snails—the *physa*, *planorbis*, and *lymnaea*. These little animals were floating on the water, their shells reversed, and their soft bodies buoyed up by a little globe of air which they retained within the orifice of their breathing apparatus. On touching and alarming any one of them, it was seen instantly to throw off the air globe, and by this means being rendered heavier than the surrounding water, at once sunk to the bottom. We saw dozens of these animals thus floating about, and had no doubt but such had formed the prey of the wild drake.

'Look here,' cries Henry, 'at this large fresh-water mussel among the pebbles, with his shell widely expanded; he no doubt is enjoying the evening sunset too; but let him beware, else he may form a supper to some wild drake also.'

'Is not that the pearl mussel?' observed Elizabeth.

'It is,' I replied; 'and sometimes pearls of a very good size and lustre have been found here, and in several of the rivers of Scotland.'

'What is this?' cries Mary, with her bright eyes ever on the watch; 'I see a mass of little shells as if glued together, all of them apparently empty; and yet the whole is moving along briskly. Here is another, and another: they chase each other, and run about as if they had one common life.'

'I know these,' replied Henry; 'they are caddice-worms, the larvæ of the May-fly. The living animal is in the centre: observe his head peeping out; and those empty shells form his house. He glues around his body shells,

pieces of wood, and small pebbles, and thus forms a defence against his enemies.'

'Oh, I see myriads of those empty shells on the beach,' cries Elizabeth—'shells of various kinds. I have picked up at least half-a-dozen different ones; and, let me remember, where was it that you showed us shells of this kind under a very different form?'

'I suppose you allude,' said I, 'to those marl beds which the workmen dug up in the field the other day? You now have an example from what sources it is that such beds of marl are derived. The whole bed of this lake is probably one mass of such shells, which have been accumulating for ages; and were it drained and dug into, it would present the same appearance as the marl beds which we lately inspected. There, you recollect, there were various layers on layers of a soft crumbling limestone, to the depth of eight and ten feet, intermixed with mud, fragments of reeds, wood, and shells of various animals; thus affording, on a small scale, an example of the way in which many of the deepest strata of the earth's surface have been accumulated.'

We now came to a little stream which poured its crystal current into the lake. Farther up the sloping hill-side, from whence it derived its source, it chafed and dashed over and among the rocky fragments opposing its course; but here, like other more noted rivers, it swelled out near its termination into a calm diffused estuary, with many a flower and aquatic plant peeping up amid its shallow waters. We rested here, at the request of Henry, to examine some objects which had arrested his attention. He pointed out to us, on the leaves of some of the aquatic plants, a number of brown, jelly-looking substances, about the size of a pin-head or small pea. On watching them attentively, we clearly perceived motion and life. These little points would in an instant suddenly expand to the size of half an inch, and thrust out little arms on all sides, by which they entangled and caught substances floating by. I at once recognised them to be the *Hydra*, or fresh-water polype; those singular animals which, when first discovered by Trembley, a naturalist of France, made so much noise in the scientific world. 'I am quite pleased that you have made this discovery for us, Henry. These are perhaps the simplest of all organised beings, and their habits and properties afford us a singular insight into the humblest manifestations of life. They are, as you see, composed of a pulpy, grayish jelly. They have few parts: only a body, with a hollow in the centre, corresponding to the stomach of other animals; a mouth leading to this stomach; and, surrounding this opening or mouth, eight filaments or arms, which they spread out all around, and with which they seize hold of their food, which consists of small worms, or pieces of any animal matter. They have no organs of sense, and no sensations but that of touch. They are very retentive of life, and may be cut into various pieces, and every separate piece will in a short time become a perfect polype. Their young are produced by a gem or bud which grows out from the body of the parent, and when it has arrived at a mature state, it drops off to enjoy a separate existence. Not unfrequently before this scion drops off from its parent, another bud is seen to spring out of its own body, and thus two or three generations are seen in progress at one time. They are very voracious and very lively, moving about from leaf to leaf by first pushing forward and attaching the mouth to any object; and then drawing forward the other end, attaching it in the same way, and again pushing forward the head. They will thus travel over a whole plant in the course of an hour or two. You may now take this magnifying lens, make your observations cautiously, and tell us what farther you can discover.'

'I see them distinctly and beautifully now,' whispers Henry. 'Three of them are within view, attached to the mid-rib of this leaf. They appear now somewhat like a clove, or a very little nail or tack standing on its point. How they ply their thin slender arms all around, now lengthening them out into a small hair or thread, and now again contracting them into a thick knob or point! These are in miniature somewhat like the horns of a snail, and as soft and pliant. I declare one has seized upon a small worm—he surrounds its end with the whole of his arms—the worm struggles and wriggles out of his grasp—it is instantly seized in the middle by another polype, doubled up, and a piece of it swallowed—the two ends of the worm dangle out on each side—the first polype seizes one of the ends—they now both tug and fight hard.'

There was here a considerable pause. We were all anxious to have a look, and each got the glass in turn. Henry after this resumed his observations and remarks. The worm had nearly disappeared between them. It was originally half an inch in length. They still struggle, and approach nearer and nearer to each other. The doubled-up portion of worm is pulled out of the mouth of the second polype: but it appears macerated—it breaks into two. A third polype now comes in for a fragment—another portion falls into the water—the worm at last disappears, and peace is restored with the satiated appetites of the combatants. We counted hundreds of these polypes. Could they all get worms? And what became of those which did not? We watched long for another worm feast; but saw none. No doubt many other more minute animals are found to feed these hungry creatures. They appear all lively; and assuredly they are all cared for by some means or other.

The sun had now fairly disappeared; light failed us for minute observations; but as we took our way homeward, the greater objects of nature were beautifully and softly depicted before us. The bright green birches now stood before us black masses—the surface of the lake alone sent up a lively gleam—the dusky bat flitted silently overhead, roused to his evening meal of the moths and night-flies that now peopled the air. The cows had strolled homewards, and their distant lowings reached our ears. 'How such a night as this,' says Elizabeth, 'raises our thoughts to the Author of nature! the whole earth, and air, and even waters, teem with life and with enjoyment.'

## TASTE FOR SCIENCE.

A mind which has once imbibed a taste for scientific inquiry, and has learned the habit of applying its principles readily to the cases which occur, has within itself an inexhaustible source of pure and exciting contemplations: one would think that Shakespeare had such a mind in view, when he describes a contemplative man as finding

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Accustomed to trace the operation of general causes, and the exemplification of general laws, in circumstances where the uninformed and uninquiring eye perceives neither novelty nor beauty, he walks in the midst of wonders; every object which falls in his way elucidates some principle, affords some instruction, and impresses him with a sense of harmony and order. Nor is it a mere passive pleasure which is thus communicated. A thousand subjects of inquiry are continually arising in his mind, which keeps his faculties in constant exercise, and his thoughts perpetually on the wing, so that lassitude is excluded from his life; and that craving after artificial excitement and dissipation of mind, which leads so many into frivolous, unworthy, and destructive pursuits, is altogether eradicated from his bosom. It is not one of the least advantages of these pursuits, which, however, they possess in common with every class of intellectual pleasures, that they are altogether independent of external circumstances, and are to be enjoyed in every situation in which a man can be placed in life. The highest degrees of worldly prosperity are so far from being incompatible with them, that they supply additional advantages for their pursuit, and that sort of fresh and renewed reliab which arises partly from the sense of contrast, partly from experience of the peculiar pre-eminence which they possess over the pleasures of sense, in their capability of unlimited increase and continual repetition, without satiety and distaste. They may be enjoyed, too, in the intervals of the most active business; and the calm and dispassionate interest with which they fill the mind, renders them a most delightful retreat from the agitations and dissensions of the world, and from the conflict of passions, prejudices, and interests, in which the man of business finds himself continually involved.—*Sir John Herschel.*

## THE SECRET OF GREAT WORKERS.

Great workers are always frequent and orderly, and being possessed of incessant activity, they never lose a moment. They apply their whole mind to what they are about, and, like the hand of a watch, they never stop, although their equal movements in the same day almost escape observation.

## THOUGHT.

Though patrons shun my house and name,  
Who tells me I am poor?  
Though fashion trumpets not my fame,  
And rank goes by my door;  
Though ignorance my fortunes mar,  
My mind shall never sink,  
For nature made me greater far—  
She bade me live and think.

The gold that drops from wealthy hands,  
Feeds those on whom it falls;  
And oft, as hire for base commands,  
It feeds while it enthral:  
But thought is like the sun and air,  
Twin blessings with the shower;  
It nurtures millions far and near,  
And millions sing its power.

The fool who stalks in titles clad,  
By chance or knavery bought,  
Who rates a nod of his weak head  
As worth an age of thought;  
Could he but see the brain in me,  
And taste its common drink,  
The burthen of his prayer would be  
For liberty to think.

Oh! poor are they who spend their power  
In sensual joys and strife,  
Till *think* more rapture in an hour  
Than they *feel* through a life.  
Sweet Thought's the she whom I adore,  
Entwined by many a link;  
God! what can I of thee crave more?  
Do I not live and think?

—Poems by Alexander Hume. Second Edition: 1845.

## PIGEON EXPRESSES.

The system of communication, by means of carrier-pigeons, between London and Paris, is carried on to a very considerable extent, and at a great cost. There are several perfect establishments kept up by parties interested in the quick transmission of intelligence at the ports of Dover and Calais, and at regular distances on the roads of the two countries, whence the birds are exchanged in regular order as they return with their little billet. The interruption occasioned by the hours of night is made up by a man on horseback; who again at daylight, on arriving at a pigeon station, transfers his despatch to the keeper, who has his bird in readiness. The distance by day is accomplished in less than eight hours. It has been found that hawks have proved themselves dangerous enemies even to these quick-flighted birds, and a premium of half-a-crown is paid for every hawk's head produced. The pay of a keeper is £50 a-year; and when this is added to the cost of food and the expense of sending the pigeons on from station to station, to be ready for their flight home, it will appear that the service is attended with considerable outlay. The duty of training young birds, and the management of the old ones, in feeding them at proper times, and in keeping them in the dark till they are thrown up, is very responsible, and almost unceasing. A good bird is not supposed to last more than two years.—*Note-Book of a Naturalist.*

## REASON.

Without reason, as on a tempestuous sea, we are the sport of every wind and wave, and know not, till the event hath determined it, how the next billow will dispose of us; whether it will dash us against a rock, or drive us into a quiet harbour.—*Lucas.*

## THOUGHTS OF THE MOMENT.

A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.—*Bacon.*

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